

The Historie

Harry to Harry, shall hot horse to horse  
Meet, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarfe:  
Oh, that Glendower were come.

*Ver.* There is more newes,  
I learnd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings, that I heare of it.

*Wor.* I, by my faith, that beares a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the kings whole battel reach vnto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be,

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of vs may serue so great a day.

Come, let vs take a muster speedily,

Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talke not of dying, I am out of feare

Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.

*Enter Falstaffe, and Bardoll.*

*Falst.* Bardol, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of  
Sacke, our souldiours shall march through. Wee'le to Sutton  
cophill to night.

*Bar.* Will you giue me money, Captaine?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bar.* This bottle makes an angell.

*Fal.* And if it doe, take it for thy labour, and if it make twen-  
ty, take them all, ile answere the coynage, bid my Lieutenant  
Peto meet me at Townes end.

*Bar.* I will, Captaine, farewell.

*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my souldiers, I am a sou't gurnet,  
I haue misused the kings presse damnable. I haue got in ex-  
change of 150. souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me  
none, but good householders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out  
contracted batchelers, such as had beene askt twice on the  
banes, such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as lieue heare  
the Diuell, as a drumme, such as feare the report of a Calauer,  
worfe the a strooke foule, or a hurt wild-ducke: I prest me none,  
but such tofts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger  
then pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their seruices, and

of Henry the

now, my whole charge consists of  
tenants, gentlemen of companies  
the painted cloth, where the glutto-  
such as indeed were neuer souldie-  
uigmen, yonger sonnes to yonge  
and Ostlers trade false, the canker  
peace, ten times more dishonoural  
ancient, and such haue I, to fill vp  
bought out their seruices, that you  
hundred and fiftie tottered prodig  
keeping, from eating draffe and hu-  
on the way, and told me I had vn-  
prest the dead bodies. No eye had  
not march through Couentry wit-  
the villaines march wide betwixt  
for indeede, I had the most of them  
shirt and a halfe in all my compani  
napkins tack't together, and throw  
Heralds coate without sleeues, and  
stolne from my host at S. Albones,  
Dauntry, but that's all one, thei  
ry hedge.

*Enter the Prince, and the*

*Prin.* How now, blowne lacke?

*Fal.* What, Hal? how now, ma-  
in Warwickshire? My good L. of V-  
cie, I thought your honour had al-

*West.* Faith, sir Iohn, t'is more  
and you too, but my powers are th-  
you, looks for vs all, we must awa-

*Falst.* Tut, neuer feare me, I am  
Creame.

*Prin.* I thinke to steale Creame  
ready made thee butter: but tell m-  
these that come after?

*Falst.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prin.* I did neuer see such pitif-

*Falst.* Tut, tut, good enough to re-